

Black Lab

"Hate Mail"

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[Cool Nutz]

Who's that knocking at the window?

It must be Cool Nutz, and the Playboy Bleek

[repeat]

[Bleek]

They say this game is to be chopped

Dropped like it was hot

Y'all ain't know that Playboy Bleek got game laced for a
lame

And you hos

On your toes I say

On my command niggas falling

Im the littlest G with the biggest dick and balls

Count stacks of g's off in my cut

In the burbs

Running up in your spot on point ready to swerve

Niggas got some nerve

No business bald ass clown

As quick as you got up your ass can get laid down

Tre' pound all she wrote

Done did

Fucking with that crooked ass sneer

Nigga off in here

Now throw your hands up high point them to the
atmosphere

Niggas hate because they ladies tell off in my ear

They sheer

See through like the pantyhose and stockings

Make a nigga want to quit go back to back spins and
pop him

Game chopping in a flannel like that nigga Paul Bunyon

Now hos talking cheaper than a grab bag of Funyons

Snatch

Talking shit while I kick back

Try and play Pioneer and get your face detached

You hate Bleek I hate your granny and the smell of her
snatch

Relax with the hate mail you little tramp ass batch

[Cool Nutz]

Rain, sleet, or snow
Wet like a ho,
Nigga act like you know giddy up on the go
For sure don't break it down
I'm about to clown
The heat that I bring nigga world renound
I'm freeway bound I-5 or buck-fifty
Like MC Eiht and business got my eyes stuck on shifty
Dump if you dare smoke it up like cowboys
Your fucking with a savage and a nigga brung the
noise
I melt a motherfucker we hot like sunburns
I'm bringing more drama than as the world turns
You hate Cool Nutz buster I hate your mamma
Blow the brains out your joint like the fucking
Unabomber
Calm, cool, collect I keep my composure
Metabolism slow like I smoked a pound of doja
503 N-E-P be the region
Where gold ones spin
Thug life living
>From the sac to the track I'm all about my bubble
And fuck any nigga with a backwards ass hustle
>From crack sales, hotels, fatty gravels
All you buster ass niggas straight sit and hate mail

Chorus:
[Cool Nutz]

Strictly for the fatty
Nigga can't you tell
Rain, sleet, or snow
Niggas bring the hate mail
Take it on your chest
Homey bring your vest
Recognize this game
We say fuck the rest
[repeat]

[Cool Nutz]
You weigh a buck-o-five blow away in the wind
I slap the smirk off the face of the crooked tooth grin
I got three niggas stuck so that makes triplets
Mumble mouth motherfuckers straight talking sticklets
A pig in a blanket and roll to a tee
Cool Nutz on the cut with the B double E
In the breeze with ease and I'm all up in your guts
The words of the day niggas don't give a fuck
Cause haters gonna hate but I'm still gonna kick it
Niggas on my team say I'm selling Wolf Tickets
It's all about the family so nigga stop assuming

I wanna stack all the Cheddar and post at the reunion

[Bleek]

On my return flight

I recite slow and steady

Hit the joint with the flows on point like Tius Eddie

Running up in spots ready to swerve

Make your pistol pushing through in the Chevy Suburb

In 9-6 I'll blow your whistle

And put this shit to a halt

Niggas catching the salt no hands like Willy Wonk

And it's all your fault

Trespass without permission

Keep a nigga on his toes like a midget when he's
kissing

Listen closely observe the twist

About to pull and hit a blunt in Cool Nutz' 7-6

I don't hate nothing but the smell of your breath

Cool Nutz and Bleek and we out to the left

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